

*The Quill*



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# *The Quill*

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## *Translation From Catullus*

BETTY RAINEY GAMBLE

Lament, O Venuses and winged Cupids  
And all men who love charm, grace, and loveliness.  
The small swallow of my beloved has died—  
The tiny bird, delight of my darling.  
She loved the dainty thing more than her own eyes,  
For he was honey-sweet; he knew her well—  
Knew her better than some girls know their mothers.  
Nor would the swallow move himself from her lap,  
But spyly hopping about first here then there,  
The bird chirped only to his darling mistress.

Slowly he wanders through the darkening shadows,  
Whence they say no one has been able to return.  
Evil curses be upon you! Go to Hell!  
You sons of Satan devour all pretty things.  
Now you have snatched the delicate bird from me;  
Oh, evil act! Oh, most miserable swallow!  
Your deeds have made my precious darling's eyes red,  
And her lids are swollen from constant weeping.

# *A World Of Her Own*

BETTY JANE BOOREAM

"I hear she's quite a strange child, Priscilla. Peculiar, you know. But you can see for yourself. The Matlock farm is just beyond them oak trees." Mrs. Sid Perkins, nearest neighbor of Alfred and Sara Matlock, slowed the coughing T-Model Ford to a crawl in order to turn from the paved road onto the narrow, winding dirt road. "Some say as she's an elf-child, while others say she's 'not right'."

"That's too bad, Mattie," Mattie Perkins' sister from the nearby town, Palatka, said. "And didn't you say she's the only child?"

"I remember exactly," Mattie went on in a lowered voice as they were nearing the unpainted, weathered farm house. "'Twas eight years past. Sara and Alfred were man and wife six years when the child was born. Natur'ly they wanted a son 'n heir. That is why they called 'er Alfreda. And now Sara can't never have another young'un. Alfred, he loved the little one. That is, till she growed up so puny. She's so peculiar he can hardly 'bide her. Just ignores her, I hear."

"Sh, hush now, Mattie. There's someone on the porch."

Mattie Perkins choked the dust laden car to a halt beneath the trees in the yard, a small wooden-fenced enclosure around the house. There was no grass there—just hard-packed dirt covered with the tiny scratch marks of the dozen Leghorn chickens.

"'Lo folks. Come and set on the porch where it's a little cooler." Sara Matlock stood at the top of the steps and smiled good-naturedly at them. She was a wholesome-looking woman, buxom, brown-skinned from the sun, and strong limbed. "Howdy, Mattie. And this must be your sister from town. Come have a seat."

Amy and Mattie sat on the porch in the cane-bottomed chairs. As in most farm houses in this farming district of Florida, there was an old sofa, de-legged and hanging from the porch rafters by chains. As the guest of honor, Priscilla Hogan sat upon this improvised swing.

In the yard, a squirrel scurried past and played in the grass. Motionless and hardly noticeable, a frail-looking child sat under a tree. Alfreda Matlock was a peculiar but appealing figure. Her brown eyes were large and imploring. Her taffy-colored hair was short and tangled. Made from printed flour sacks, her little dress hung straight from her narrow shoulders.

As Alfreda watched the squirrel play, she longed to hold him in her arms. But experience had proved that he would only run away at her approach.

Even the chickens refused Alfreda's affection. Once when she asked her father for a rabbit for a pet, he had impatiently answered that rabbits were wild animals and would not like to be her pet. She had never asked for a pet again. He didn't like rabbits, anyway: they ate his cabbages.

One day Alfreda had been exploring the wonders of the field next to the back fence. The hot dirt burned her bare feet as she tramped along. She could hear her father's tractor beyond the trees in the adjoining field. He had said that he was going to sow this field next week—so Alfreda was visiting here for the last time this season. At last she sat down next to a big clump of grass to cool her burning feet. She heard a tiny rusting noise in the grass. Parting the leaves, she saw cuddled there in a grassy nest three tiny rabbits.

Every day since then Alfreda had visited her new friends. They let her pick them up, and they would muzzle her hands with their quivering inquisitive noses.

"They love me too. They love me too," Alfreda hummed to herself as she watched the squirrel play.

"Alfreda, Alfreda. Come here a minute," Mrs. Matlock called from the front porch.

Alfreda turned her head toward the house and then looked away. She had seen the car drive into the yard. The last time a car had come there it had been her schoolteacher, Miss Lawrence. Mrs. Matlock had called Alfreda, and when she had come, she had heard them talking.

"It ain't like she's dumb, is it, Miss Lawrence?" her mother had questioned.

"Alfreda is not dumb, Mrs. Matlock. On the contrary; she shows unusual aptitude for some work. The thing we're worried about is her attitude. She daydreams in class. She lives in another world almost entirely. That's why I'm here—to find out why she tries to escape reality." Seeing the puzzled look on Sara Matlock's face, Miss Lawrence went on hastily to explain. "That is, we want to know why she doesn't like this world and wants to live in one she makes up."

"Yes, that's mostly right. She don't like much."

"Now, how are her relations with her father and with you?" Miss Lawrence probed gently.

"Well, I don't rightly know. Natur'ly I love Alfreda: she's my own. But Mr. Matlock — he don't tolerate her much. He wanted a son, and Alfreda's sorta sickly and scared-like. But that's no fault of hers," Mrs. Matlock said defensively.



Alfreda had slipped away when she heard this—she wanted to hear no more. She ran, frightened, to her favorite secret place, the sheltering safety of the shady orange grove.

“Alfreda, you come here this minute!” Sara Matlock called again.

Alfreda hesitated and then plunged from beneath the live-oak tree, through the scrubby palmettos, and down into the gully. This was another wonder-filled place in her world. There was an almost dried-up creek trickling over the whitened stones and pebbly sand in the gully. The sides were steep, and the ferns and palmettos grew in such a way as to provide a curtain against the sky.

Alfreda splashed through the water, ducking under overhanging branches and vines, until she came out into the open field. She ran toward the end of the pasture where the rabbit nest was hidden.

Suddenly she stopped — a lonely little figure in the large field. Her feet straddled a freshly-plowed furrow. She saw in a far corner a cloud of dust: she heard the muffled roar of the big red tractor. Her father was plowing the field! She ran forward.

“Stop, Daddy, please stop! Daddy!” she sobbed. She was close enough now to see the tractor through the dust, but the noise of the huge motor drowned out her voice. The roar changed as Alfred Matlock shifted gears and gunned the motor to turn and start down the new furrow.

Alfreda could see her father now. She cried again, but he could not hear. She collapsed on the damp earth and watched the tractor back down the field. Then she thought that it would do no good to tell her father about the baby rabbits; he would go on anyway. Grown people didn’t care for things like that, she concluded in her eight-year-old mind. She wiped her tear-stained, dust-begrimed face on her faded skirt and huddled there alone.

The motor of the tractor slowed and then stopped completely. Alfreda saw her daddy get down from the high seat and walk to the clump of grass. She held her breath. Mr. Matlock smiled to himself and climbed back onto the tractor, backed it away, and went down the other side — leaving the clump of grass like an island in the middle of the plowed ground.

Alfreda got up incredulously and ran toward the grassy island. “Daddy, Daddy—wait. Wait for me.”

Alfred Matlock stopped the red machine and watched the child stumble across the furrows. Why was she coming to him? Did she know that he had discovered the orphaned rabbits last week? She must have discovered them too.



"Daddy," Alfreda cried through her tears as she climbed up the side of the tractor. Alfred Matlock caught his daughter in his arms.

"Well, honey," he said gently, "let's you and me go on home."

Later as Mattie Perkins' T Model Ford labored its way over the dirt road toward the highway, Prissy Hogan said, "You know, Mattie, there's nothing wrong with that little Alfreda. She seems like a nice child."

"I just don't know what to make of it, Prissy. She's always been wild like an animal. But today she seemed like she was real happy — kept talking about a rabbit house her daddy was gonna build for her."

## *Beauty*

CORNELIA DICK

Of all the qualities in the natural and spiritual worlds, beauty is perhaps the most misinterpreted and, therefore, the least appreciated. What blind and ungrateful creatures we are to dwell in a universe so full of beauty and yet allow ourselves to ignore the greater part of it. We so often confuse beauty with mere prettiness or attractiveness, but beauty is neither of these. Prettiness and attractiveness may wither and die, but real beauty can never fade; for beauty is God's revelation of Himself to man.

Beauty cries loudly to us from the graceful lines of the statue of Diana in the courtyard and softly from the delicate formation of the minute cells of the growth on the pond. Beauty is strong and forceful as it swells from the strains of mighty music; it is soft and soothing as in the evening breeze it whispers a lullaby. Beauty is powerful and terrifying as it flashes in the midst of a thunderstorm; it is light and airy in the exquisite tint of a butterfly's wing. Beauty dances wildly in the aurora borealis as in midwinter they streak across the northern sky; it trips lightly through fields of yellow grain as in midsummer they sway gently in the wind. There is no comparison of the beauty of one phenomenon to that of another, for no two objects are alike; each is beautiful in its own way.

Beauty enriches a soul. Purity is beauty, not only as seen in the innocence of a newborn babe, but also as seen in the righteousness of a man who has overcome temptation. Beauty is wherever you look for it, for beauty is life. There is no natural occurrence, no breathing being, no living soul that is not beautiful, for the Creator of the universe is a lover of beauty.

# *Graduation*

CAROLYN BISHOP

I looked up the telephone number of the Brown's residence in the directory. There it was—B-29. (I can never remember hard numbers.) "B-29," I told the operator; and when Mrs. Brown answered, I asked to speak with her daughter, Cherry.

"Cherry," I said to her, "circumstances prevent me from coming by for you tonight—the circumstances being that Mom and Dad are taking Jimmy to camp and won't be back with the car until nearly time for the graduation exercises."

"That's tough for me, and that's for sure," replied Cherry. Cherry is a woman of few words; so only silence followed this statement.

"Well," said I, "I'll meet you at school." Only a murmur of agreement came from the other end of the line.

At seven o'clock I went upstairs and began to get ready. Tonight was a big night: I was going to graduate from high school; I was practically a man of the world! To add to the joy of graduating I was to walk with Cherry, my best girl. I dressed hurriedly, and when Mom and Dad returned, I was all ready. We were leaving the house when I remembered my cap and gown. I rushed back upstairs to get them, but they were nowhere to be found.

"Mom," I yelled downstairs, "what'd you do with my cap and gown?"

"Why they were under your bed this morning," answered Mom.

"Well, it's a sure thing they're not there now." Mom came running upstairs and searched everywhere, but no cap and gown could be found. At last she announced that the maid must have misplaced them.

Eight o'clock was approaching, and I could see Cherry marching in alone. Then Dad hit upon a brilliant idea.

"Where are my old cap and gown?" he asked Mom.

"Why they must be up in the attic," she said thoughtfully. "At least they were up there about ten years ago!"

Our twenty minutes of searching brought forth the cap and gown. I can't say I was very pleased at the prospect of wearing them for they looked as if the moths had had a field day in them. When I tried on the gown, I gave a sort of salt and pepper effect: the salt was my grey suit showing through the moth holes, but there was no time to bemoan my fate.

When I arrived at school, the graduation exercises were well under way. I slipped down the aisle and took my seat. There sat Cherry crying silently into her handkerchief, for she was sure I had been killed.

"Oh, forget about it, sport," I said to her. One look at me and her tears froze on her face, but being Cherry she remained silent.

Except for a gale of laughter when I crossed the stage to receive my diploma, there was nothing unusual about my graduation.

"Clothes," I reflected, "don't make the man."

When we returned home, the phone was ringing violently.

"I have a collect call from Mr. Jimmy Hill at Camp Chief Logan," sang the operator. "Will you accept the charges?"

"Sure," I said.

"Willis," came Jimmy's excited voice over the wires, "I just had to call and tell you that I won first prize at stunt night for my imitation of Kay Kyser. That old cap and gown of yours really did the trick."

I shall not repeat the answer which I made to Jimmy.

I stood quietly in the brown earth—  
I sank my feet into its warmth—  
I felt the contrasting coolness  
of evening's breath upon my body—  
I felt the silence of the earth,  
to-day's departure,  
I sensed its loneliness—  
As dusk settled slowly over the land,  
God nodded to me and I, as quietly,  
nodded back.

JEAN MARIE TORRENCE

# WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

## *In Africa*

PATSY MILLER

My country can no longer be called "the great dark continent" because the light of the Bethlehem Star has shown over many of my people in Africa today. Only a few years ago we had never heard of Christmas and had never celebrated it, but now we can gather with joyous hearts and happy faces and enjoy Christian fellowship as we celebrate the Christmas season. I would like to tell you something about how we celebrate Christmas here in our country.

The day is usually a warm, beautiful day with flowers everywhere, especially the red poinsettia. As the dawn of Christmas morning breaks over the distant hills one is awakened by the singing of carols by a group of boys as they tour the villages. As the sun begins to rise the beating of the church drum is heard summoning everyone to early morning prayers. An inspirational Christmas devotional is given by a missionary or a native minister.

The girls and women busy themselves all morning with preparing food for the big community Christmas feast, which is held about two o'clock in the afternoon. Boys take a big delight in buying or making little gifts to be given to their friends after the feast. Girls and women exchange some gifts too, but it is mostly done by the boys and men. The feast is held out of doors in the shade of trees, and a huge Christmas tree is decorated in an open place near it. Everyone brings his gifts and lays them around the tree sometime before the feast.

After the feast, all sit around the Christmas tree in a big circle. Entertainment is given in the forms of skits, singing groups, story telling, and dances. Then comes the big moment when Santa Claus comes, dressed with a big wooden mask, feathered headdress, many full skirts, and jingling ornaments. Sometimes he gives a little skit or tells a story. Then he summons some helpers and the gifts are given out. This is a time of much merriment, lasting till about six o'clock.



At eight o'clock a Christmas service is held at the church, in which the choir takes a big part. After the service all return quietly to their villages, usually singing carols as they go. Little groups collect all through the village, squatting around small fires in the front yard of someone's home, to talk and tell stories and sing till late at night. Thus comes the end of a Christmas day in Africa for those who have seen the light of the Bethlehem Star.



## *In Brazil*

ANN WOODSON

Do you think *Papai Noel* (Santa Claus) will put something pretty in my shoe tonight? I surely hope so because I left my newest pair beside the kitchen stove, with nice soft straw in it just as Santa wants it to be. We never forget to leave the door cracked just a little so he will be sure to find his way in.

Isn't our manger scene well done this year? You know, we always have it, but because of the new little figures and equipment it is the prettiest yet. I think Christmas trees are so very pretty, but these scenes which we fix have become a pleasant habit to us.

The church is having a very well-planned program for the day. In the afternoon our Sunday School is having an "open house" to which everyone comes for the fun and social activities. The young people offer refreshments to all, and we younger children get bags of candy and nuts.

At night a Christmas program will be offered in which every Sunday School class has a chance to present a skit, poem, song, or pageant. Besides being entertaining, this offers an opportunity for our development of imaginative creations.

I wish you could join our family for Christmas dinner. Everyone will be there, and the food is always very special. But since you can't come, I'll be wishing you a *FELIZ NATAL!*

## *In China*

AMY CHING

China is not a Christian country, so the Christmas celebration is only inside the churches, the mission schools, and the Christian families. They have special worship, banquets, recreation, Christmas trees, and Christmas presents as you have. With the average people there is no change: the students go to school, the businessman goes to his office, the streets are crowded. It is neither a vacation nor a holiday. The weather is cold, as it is here. In some big cities such as Shanghai, Nanking, Peiping, or Canton, the stores always change their window displays during this season, not because of the celebration but for the commercial attraction.

Many people never know anything about Christianity; they do not know what "Christmas" is; they have missed the real religion. When you have a merry Christmas, pity those unbelievers.



## *In Panama*

MARIA BARRAZA

Christmas in Panama has the same significance as Christmas in any other Christian country in the world. It is the time to rejoice for the birth of the Child Jesus, one during which to give and receive presents from the ones close to our hearts.

Perhaps there is one difference. In Panama, as in most of the Latin-American countries, the Roman Catholic religion is the official faith. The church builds scenes of the Nativity, and every person tries to pay a visit to the church to worship the Child in the cradle. The church also likes to present ancient representations and stage plays, just like the Mystery plays of the Middle Ages, in which the children take part. Our dearest remembrance of Christmas, however, is the night of December the twenty-fourth, when the family assembles and goes together to the midnight Mass, which is followed with great devotion by everyone. Afterwards, there is a midnight supper consisting of main dishes of turkey or ham, and several regional foods, such as tamales or planteen.

Latin-American children are very lucky, for they receive presents on two occasions: Christmas day, and the first of the Three Wise Men, when they receive fruit and candy.

As a whole, Christmas in Panama differs slightly from Christmas in any other part of the Christian world, for we, as do all other Christians, sing a hymn of love to the newborn infant.

# *In The United States*

LILLIAN BARBER

There is nothing quite like those Christmases. From the earliest remembered, they were filled with an air of excitement and mystery; for Christmas was not one day, to be put away and taken out on the twenty-fifth of December. It was — well, it was almost a whole different world which began the minute one jumped out of the car after a long day's journey on Christmas Eve to Grandmother and her big friendly house. There was the buzz of cousin greeting cousin, aunts and uncles shaking hands, and tiny grandmother hustling about greeting all and feeding them at the same time. Looking back, it doesn't seem possible that seventeen people could ever have been seated around the one table, although it was always managed somehow; and through the din of conversation an occasional word could be understood.

And Christmas morning! Christmas morning, which began almost at dawn, brought with it the flurry of tissue paper and ribbons. Screams of delight and surprise burst forth from time to time from every corner of the big room in which stood a tower of glory, the biggest tree in the world!

More than the presents, the thrill of Santa Claus, or the turkey dinner, another picture stands out: it is the spirit of love and happiness that envelops the world on this day; it is the joy of peace and security in the birth of One who came for us; it is the knowledge that these things shall not pass away. Always when we look for the star we can listen to the ancient song and repeat with it "Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight."



# *Hope*

ALLENA DOGGETT

When one is plunged to the depths of despair, one thing remains — hope. Were it not for hope, there would be no faith. But for the hope of a brighter tomorrow life would not be worth enduring. While one starves on misery, he can be nourished by hope.

Hope is a candle to be clutched in a dim passageway, a song whistled in the dark, the wreckage one clings to after the ship has sunk, a bird winging its way toward the sun. Hope promises new worlds to conquer. It squares one's shoulders and lift one's head. Hope gives confidence, which is the seed of success.

If hope did not exist there would be nothing to look forward to — no optimism, no future. Life would be grim and comfortless without its powerful solace. When all seems lost hope cheers our way, gives strength and courage. One of life's greatest rewards is the achieving of something hoped for. Samuel Taylor Coleridge has said—

“Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,

And Hope without an object cannot live.”

Hope is calm amid storm or depression. Hope is the strongest foundation to build upon, for when one abandons hope he no longer lives — he merely exists.

# *Happiness*

HELEN DRENNAN

Happiness is an overflow of spirit which spreads to those around us. Happiness is constantly on the alert; it is a spur to action; it comes from doing something for someone for the simple pleasure of seeing his face light up with responsive joy.

Happiness, of course, is not all giving; one definition of it is “a state of well-being.” Have you ever noticed what a lift comes to your spirits when you smile and say, “I'm sorry,” after a quarrel? Has a song ever come to your lips as you planned a surprise for someone? Small things—but life has far more small incidents than it does big events.

True happiness is the capacity to laugh and weep with those who need your joy and tears. It is an art. If it is not practiced and renewed, the ability to secure it is lost.



# *The Vicious Circle*

ELLEN E. LAW

Unfortunately, my hobby is cooking. I consider this unfortunate because it has led to the development of another hobby, that of eating, as my dimensions reveal. Some arrangement has to be made for the disposal of the food I cook. Another unfortunate phase is that the results of my cooking have been, on occasion, disastrous, though not fatal so far as I am aware.

I first began to take an interest in the culinary arts during my mother's convalescence from an operation. I was about thirteen years old at the time, and I remember perusing the "Invalid's Diet" section of a cook book avidly and then whipping up some awful concoctions containing raw eggs and the like, which my mother took without so much as a murmur. I do not know whether this was evidence of a mother's love, or just that she was too weak to argue. I believe it was the latter. At any rate, after a week or so out of the hospital, she decided to visit a relative, and I suspect that my attempts to "build her up" might have had something to do with her sudden decision. On Sunday afternoon she and my brother chugged off in the T-model.

Monday morning bright and early I decided that I would make some pear preserves to surprise Mama on her return. The pear preserves were not a success, but the surprise was much more than I had bargained for.

It happened that we were having the roof patched, and Cooley, the Negro carpenter, was throwing the old shingles off the roof into the back yard. I decided that these would make excellent kindling; so I started a good fire in the old wood stove, put the preserves on, and left the kitchen.

Later I heard Cooley yell that the house was on fire. He had heard a rumbling noise for some time, but had thought that it was some of the children running through the hall. When he finally happened to look back toward the kitchen, the flames were leaping around the chimney. At that time we lived about a mile from the teeming city of Elliott, South Carolina, which boasted some two hundred and sixty souls, but no fire department. Even had we had a fire department, by the time the fire was discovered it would have been too late for them to be of much help.

In the confusion someone lifted the pot of preserves off the stove and set it out in the back yard rather close to the house, and the last I saw of it, the preserves were still bubbling merrily away.

One would think that after such an experience, my family would have refused to let me go near a stove again, but not so. I have not burned down any more houses, but I have had other sad experiences in the kitchen. One of the favorite family jokes is about the time I cooked oatmeal. I had been

detailed to cook supper one evening when most of my tremendous family was at home. I decided on oatmeal, it being one of my favorite dishes. I seldom measure when cooking, so I started out with what I considered plenty of oatmeal. My young brother came in, saw what I was cooking, and asked me please to cook a lot of it, because he had never had enough oatmeal in his life. I thought this sounded pitiful, especially since oatmeal was rather inexpensive. Therefore I added a good bit more to the pot. With the additional oatmeal, I required a very large pot; and since we didn't have a very large pot, I used the dish pan. When some others of the family saw the dish pan full of oatmeal, they were hilarious. When we left the table that night, however, all the oatmeal was gone, and I do believe Donald had enough of it for once!

Perhaps you do not see how this incident could have been termed unfortunate, but you do not know the Laws. When they tell this story, they don't mention the fact that all the oatmeal was eaten, and they make it appear that I did not know that oatmeal swells when cooked, and that it was only accidental that I cooked so much of it. You can imagine what effect this version has on a prospective husband. I am convinced that this is the very reason I am an old maid today. I should have taken up lassoing.

## *These Are The Things I Find*

JUNE FORD

I find a symphony in autumn leaves,  
An intimacy in the whisp'ring trees,  
A sweet cool sadness in the falling rain,  
And new hope with the dawn of coming spring.

I find a thrill whene'er the robin sings,  
A secret longing when he lifts his wings,  
I find strange magic in the falling snow,  
A fascination in the river's flow.

I find new strength is in the mountain's rise,  
I find God's freedom in His wide blue skies,  
I find quiet peace whene'er the storm is o'er,  
And loneliness is in the ocean's roar.  
These are the things I find.

# *The New Bat*

MARY ALICE CHAMBERS

"I wonder if they'd let me play just today. I'd let them use my new bat," I thought as I watched them from behind mother's hedge. I could hear their shouts and hollers, but I stayed behind the hedge holding my new bat. It was a beautiful bat without a single scratch on it. Nobody had ever played with it. It was the one that Uncle John had given me for my birthday when we lived on Maple Street, but I had never been able to use it because there were no little boys that I could play with on that street.

I used to sit on our front steps with my bat in my hands and think about the time when I would be in a gang and could play with it. I had heard mother and daddy talking about the new house that we are going to move into and about all the children that I could play with who lived in the new neighborhood, and I could hardly wait. I would sit on the steps nearly every day and dream. I could just see myself playing in the big field which they said was beside the new house. I could almost feel the hit of the ball as I gently swung my bat from right to left as if I were really playing. I had already learned the rules from Uncle John, and I knew just what one was supposed to do.

Finally, one day we moved to our new house, and there were boys playing ball every day in the lot next door. I watched them several times, too timid to go over to them. Then one day I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I made up my mind to ask them if I could play too.

That day, as usual, I stood behind the hedge and watched. The palms of my hands were damp as I clutched my bat. I was going to play at last. My heart was going thumpy-ty-thump. I took a step. I looked through the thin place in the hedge. My eyes fell on one of the older boys. He looked so big and important to me that a terrible feeling of inferiority overcame me. I stopped and started to turn away, but as I did, I happened to see one of the boys pick up a bat and swing it; then I felt my own new bat in my hands, and I just had to play ball.

I came slowly out from behind the hedge and walked toward the boys. They were still choosing sides; I walked over to some of the smaller boys hoping that, if they could play, maybe I'd get to play too.

"H'lo," I said timidly to the boy who was the youngest looking one in the crowd.

He looked at me with what he fancied was a very adult expression on his face and said, "You're new here, ain'tcha?"

"Yes," I answered shyly. "Do you reckon they'll let me play too?"

His appraising eyes went over me from head to foot.

"Naw," he said proudly as he finished his mental calculations. "You're too little."

I could see that he was only an inch or two taller than I, and so I said, "But I'm almost as big as you, and I'll let you use my bat if you'll let me play."

"We don't need your bat. Anyway we already got enough people; so you go home."

By this time they had finished choosing sides, and I looked around at the other boys, but with whoops and yells they had already run to their positions on the field. The one that had been talking to me ran off too, and I was standing there alone. I felt a tear begin to run down the side of my nose, and my throat began to get so tight that I could hardly swallow. I knew that little boys shouldn't cry; so I clutched my new bat tightly in my hands and ran as fast as I could to our hedge.

After that terrible day I would stand behind the hedge and look over into the vacant lot, wishing with all my heart that I was a big boy and had a gang to play with. I always stood in the same place—at the thin place in the hedge — and I thought that the boys who were playing near never knew that I was there. Whenever somebody knocked the ball toward me, I would scoot to the ground to hide from those bold eyes in the field. I always kept my bat with me, though, in case someday I might get to use it.

I wondered again if they might let me play this one day — even if I was little. And I was certain that they didn't know what a swell bat it was or they would let even a little fellow play.

Then I heard one of the bigger boys shout, "He's safe! He's safe!" as a teammate slid into home just as the catcher, with his foot on the plate, grabbed the ball.

"Safe," shouted Dick with authority. He was the big boy.

"He is not," one of his opponents shouted back.

"He is so," yelled Dick.

"He is."

"He ain't."

The argument grew louder and louder. Each boy on the field had his own opinion as to whether or not the player was safe, and he expressed it quite freely.

By this time all of the team had run to home and were shouting, crowding, and pushing to get a better view of the two main opponents who now seemed to be rapidly approaching a fist fight.



In my place behind the hedge I stood on tip toe, forgetting that I would surely be seen from the field.

"I was so safe," said Joe, who had gotten up from the ground and was dusting off his trousers.

"You were not," yelled Dick.

"I was too!"

"I saw you, and I know good and well that you didn't get there before the ball did."

"Well, I oughta know, if anybody. I saw him ketch the ball after I'd already set down on the plate," answered Joe angrily, "and let me tell you something, Dick Jones, if you don't quit trying to act so biggity and talking like you're a big hero, I'll just take my bat and go home and then you'll see who matters around here."

At that, my heart gave a leap. I clutched my bat tighter, because I knew that Joe had the only good bat in the neighborhood—that is, except mine. Maybe — my thoughts stumbled over one another, and I got so excited that I was nearly jumping up and down.

"Well, go on, and see who cares. Take your ole bat. We didn't wanta play with it noway," said Dick, not quite so loudly as before since he saw that Joe was beginning to make good his threat.

Several protests rose from the players crowded around.

"Gee whiz. You don't have to get peeved over a silly little old thing like that. Well, gee whiz. If that ain't something," one disgusted fellow said as Joe, carrying his bat, began walking from the field.

My heart was going faster and faster. Then it nearly stopped as somebody said, "Well, I reckon that's that," and the boys began to gather together their belongings.

"Hey! lookee yonder!" shouted the small boy that I had talked to on that terrible day. "Over yonder behind that hedge."

He was pointing straight at the hedge — straight at me.

"He's got a bat. Look, you kin see it through that skinny place in them bushes!" exclaimed another excited young man.

"Hey kid! How'd you like to play some ball with us!" asked Dick warmly. "Bring yer bat, and come on."

"Oh, gee whiz! I sure would."

And I ran toward home plate as fast as I could, with my new bat clutched tightly in my hands.

## *Profile Of Junior*

RUTH MITCHELL

Junior was a smug individual.

Proud of his standing in the family and of his natural good looks, he rarely gave a thought to the rights of others. He was a "wheel" in the family. He had been for five years, and there was little danger that the setup would change. So when he heard the others stumbling down to prepare their morning meal, he finished cleaning his fingernails before joining them. Then he took his time. He stretched in the sunlight, shook himself, curled his tail and walked regally to the kitchen door. As he had expected he was warmly received by his mistress and this day, as other days, began to move around him: he was its orbit. He was happy.

There had never been a moment since his birth into the Leigh family when Junior had not been treated with respect. Mrs. Leigh, after years of disdainful lip-curling in the presence of the most highly pedigreed, had been captivated by Junior, a common cur with a haughty bearing. She had taken him to her lap as cheerfully as she had taken Mr. Leigh, a gentleman of like attributes, to her heart twenty years before. There was only one difference in her treatment of the two. Mrs. Leigh had never fixed breakfast for her husband. Junior must have noticed this, because one morning in very early puppyhood he ignored Mr. Leigh's proffered scraps, watched his chances, and when Mrs. Leigh turned her head he daintily drank her tea: of the six members of the family he became the only one who had his meal prepared by her.

Around this victory Junior planned his life. He became choosy in his tastes and arrogant of mein, and in this way, at least with his friends, he overcame a multitude of sins—including his dubious pedigree. He walked erect with his black tail in a perfect arc over his back and the white tip carelessly thrown against his side.

Over his tea one Sunday morning he reviewed his past life. There had been only one dark spot so far: Jingle. Jingle, a pretty cocker spaniel with a pedigree, had nearly ruined his carefully planned future. When she first came even Junior almost fell for her, but he caught himself in time. She had been pretty all right but she had also been silly, and Junior had frowned down on her foolish playfulness. But he didn't sit and frown long. Jingle became too well established.

Junior had taken stock of himself and laid plans for his campaign. He had never been one to "take on" over people since he had discovered that

haughtiness brought him a great deal of notice. However, Jingle was getting more attention by catering to the crowd. He sighed and began work.

He would dance joyfully at the arrival of people he hadn't noticed in months and spend all his time going from lap to lap, concentrating on those who were noticing Jingle favorably. He was so loud that she was soon forgotten. Junior had been happy over her confusion and had concentrated on making her feel insecure at home. He succeeded: he helped her develop a severe inferiority complex and he did not withdraw to his carefree days of snobbery again until Jingle had become occupied with a family.

Beginning his "Red Heart" he allowed himself to reflect on his moral character. It wasn't there, just plain wasn't there he told himself. If he hadn't become such a hardened individual he would have been more sympathetic toward Jingle. Instead, he remembered that he had only felt smug when she died of rabies. But then, she hadn't shown good common dog sense. He wasn't pedigreed, but he knew better than to mix with the crowd she had mixed with. He ate faster trying to stifle the guilty feeling. Being such a vital part of the Leigh family didn't give a dog perfect peace of mind. He almost choked, his throat felt so tight. Then he dismissed his thoughts and snapped to attention. This was Sunday morning, and there was no time for moralizing now. He'd do that on the church steps while he waited for Mrs. Leigh.

She played—and the music was you—

You—your soft brown hair—

your gray-blue eyes—

You—and the music was you—

The melody: your crooked smile—

Its beat our hearts' desire—

The words were your words coming back to me

Singing a chorus: I love you, I love you,

I do.

You—and the music was you.

JEAN MARIE TORRENCE

# EDITORIALS

## *United We Stand*

BARBARA HAMBY

The shouting and the tumult are over, and America has made its choice of a leader for the next four years. These four years promise to be the most important ones yet in the history of our country, with decisions to be made that will affect the future of generations as yet unborn, not only in the United States but in the whole world; nations are like people in that they cannot live unto themselves alone.

The eyes of the world are focused on America: all are eager to know whether or not this democracy is able to stand the test of a hard fought political campaign such as the one we have just experienced. Certain totalitarian states had hoped that it would so weaken our nation that we would no longer be able to oppose their aggressive aims and that it would be easy for them to win over some of the countries now wavering between two political ideologies. The manner in which America conducts herself before the world following this recent contest will determine the course for many of our sister nations.

The Electoral College will convene in January to cast their ballots as directed by the voters on November second. On January 20, 1949, the President of the United States will be inaugurated for a term of four years. He has been chosen by a majority of the voters of our country. He has been chosen in a free election such as could not be held in any of the totalitarian nations of the world. He is not only the president of the Democrats of the United States but the president of the Republicans as well; he is the president of those who voted with the States Rights party. As such, he is entitled to and should receive the wholehearted support of every true American: he must be upheld if our nation is to continue to show the world that it is possible for people of different races, creeds, colors, religions and political beliefs to work together for the common good of mankind and for the establishment of a lasting peace throughout the world.

Mr. Dewey said to the winner of the election, "I urge all Americans to unite behind you in support of every effort to keep our nation strong and free and establish peace in the world."

Governor Thurmond said, "You are entitled to the united support of a united people."

We say, "Let us all be Americans together."



# *Home Run Bound*

AILEEN KABRICH

Have you ever thought that going to college could be like a baseball game? It is to be doubted that "Babe" Ruth or Joe DiMaggio ever did, but when one begins to think of college life and to put it in the shape of a baseball diamond, one's whole college development is practically worked out.

Just imagine you are playing in a baseball game and have hit a high ball over the fence. The crowd comes out with a loud cheer, and off you start around the diamond, being sure to touch first, second, and third bases, and then finally to start bravely that last stretch for home base. It's impossible to make a home run without touching each base respectively: so is college life. In order to get everything out of college that one can, one must first hit the ball and then start running with all his might around the diamond, stopping if necessary on one base, but then starting off again with the intention of crossing home plate.

When one thinks of college life in the shape of a baseball diamond, one sees that each base represents some possible development one can acquire while in school. First base represents the physical development one receives while in college. If one eats the food prepared by the dietitian, participates in the various physical activities planned by the school, cooperates with the doctors at the infirmary by having regular physical checkups, and follows the code of rules for physical development, he will have passed first base successfully.

Now the runner sees second base ahead. This base is a symbol of a person's mental development. Most people come to college expecting to grow mentally by preparing themselves for a life's profession. With this purpose in mind, the student will be hard at work, trying desperately to develop his mental ability and so to pass second base.

Third base represents one's moral development. Of course, the temptation to do wrong is much greater in one type of school than it is in another, but the important thing is that a student learn to choose between right and wrong. Take a university for instance. In a college of this type the main thing the faculty is concerned about is whether or not the student passes his work. If he wants to indulge in alcoholic beverages, stay out to all hours of the night doing things he should not be doing, and cut classes every day of the week, that is his business. But in a school where the students are more disciplined and interest is stressed in one's personal life as well as studies, naturally temptation is not so great, and it is much easier for a per-

son to start off on the right foot. But each person must make up his own mind as to how he is going to develop morally. The temptations are strong to do wrong, but the individual mind can be stronger. Now we have passed third base, and home plate is only a few feet ahead.

Although one has run far and only a small part of the diamond is left to be covered, the longest and hardest stretch is ahead. Many young people think this run from third base to home plate is not important, but it is the most important, and the temptation to be led astray is often far greater here than in any other college problem. A person in school may develop mentally, physically, and morally, but when he gets to third base he could die and never reach home plate. He may never achieve spiritual development. First one excuse, then another, and slowly but surely this person is being led away from God, and the run to home base is becoming longer and harder.

Yes, a person is kept quite busy developing physically, mentally, and morally, but is it right to stop when one gets to third base? Whether it is or not, many people do, and in so doing they are leaving out the most important development of life.

While comparing a baseball game with college life, one finds that there is one difference. When a baseball player is caught playing off third base, the umpire immediately calls him out and his chance for a home run is gone. But with God it is different. He opens the way; He gives every opportunity; and most of all He gives a second chance. We can develop physically, mentally, and morally, but we won't stop there. It must be a *home run!*

## *Recreation As Re-creation*

BETTINA MARABLE

Why do we so often confuse "wreck-reation" with what should be "re-creation"? In a modern world such as ours, we should be able to distinguish between the two; yet the majority of us — especially here in America — go right on living hurried, complex lives, ruining our precious health, and taking no thought for the morrow. There are many otherwise sensible people who fail to realize what a mistake they are making until it is too late to do anything about it. We forget to guard one of our most priceless possessions, our health. God has breathed into us the breath of life — a wonderful life — we have no right to tear it down.

Man cannot work all of the time. God recognized this fact and set aside one day a week for rest from the wearying activities of the world. Besides this day of spiritual replenishment, we need a certain amount of diversion from daily tasks — we need the exercise and the relaxation of the mind that we can find in good, clean sports and avocations in this fast-moving world. It is hard to discern just where we can find real “re-creation.” We must search long and hard for the things that will build up our bodies, that will soothe our tired, aching minds, that will literally re-create us. The young people of today need only to look at the Roman civilization to see what the “wear and tear” of riotous living can do to great power.

Will you make yours “wreck-reation” or “re-creation”? It is *your* life that is held in the balance!



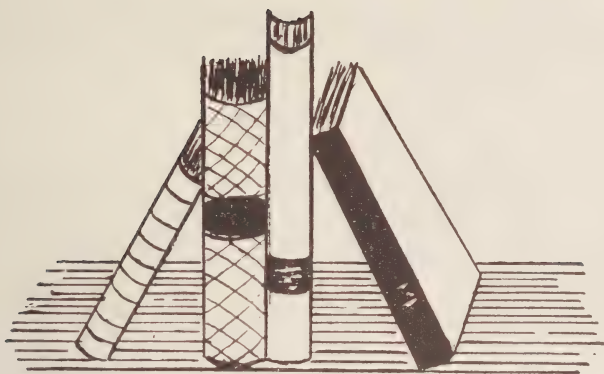
## *Elegy For An Unopened Book*

BARBARA JEAN FANT

Closed within its covers  
(Hidden just inside)  
Are all a person's being  
His hopefulness and pride.  
The labors from his dreaming,  
The tears from his despair,  
The sweetness of his memories  
His searing hate are there.

Peace for those who'll seek it,  
Knowledge from the years,  
Comfort for the weary,  
Laughter, love, or tears  
Wait for those who'll read it  
(Hidden just inside)  
But while it lies unopened  
It is a book that died.





## BOOK REVIEWS

### *Ellen Berlin: Lace Curtain*

BARBARA JEAN FANT

*Lace Curtain*, by Ellen Berlin, is the story of an Irish Catholic family in upstate New York. The story begins during World War I at a time when people of the Catholic religion were greatly discriminated against. This picture of intolerance is not easily forgotten.

The great beauty of the story lies in Mrs. Berlin's picture of a girl as she grows up; the action is seen through the eyes of the youngest girl in the family. Her late childhood, adolescence, and young womanhood are as vivid in the reader's mind as if the book contained pages from one's own diary. The mental attitude and emotional evolvment are skillfully treated.

Undoubtedly the strongest feature of the book is its thinly veiled plea for an understanding or at least a tolerance of the Catholic and his attitude toward life. The struggle of the main character to make a success of her marriage with a Protestant is one in which many are involved and all are interested. There is no definite solution offered in this book to the problem of interfaith marriage, but the sincerity and freshness which Mrs. Berlin gives a Catholic's point of view makes *Lace Curtain* worthwhile reading.

# *Legette Blythe: Bold Galilean*

PEGGY BARRENTINE

*The Bold Galilean* is the story of Jesus Christ as He appears in the lives of three Roman friends. Tribune Lucius, Centurion Gaius, and Marcus, a merchant, meet only three times in the course of two years, yet each time their lives are altered.

The first meeting is upon the docks of Tyre. During this meeting their differences in character emerge: Marcus, a worshipper of wealth; Lucius, a worshipper of power; Gaius, sympathizer with all the Roman people.

Their second meeting takes place a year later at Machaerus, the palace of the Tetrarch of Galilee and Peraea. This chapter seems to mark the climax of the story. It is the height of evil, and it gives one a feeling of horrible blackness. The meeting actually takes place at a banquet, the birthday dinner of the Tetrarch. At this dinner Salome dances, John the Baptist is beheaded, and Herod falls into a lustful trance due to his drinking of the rich wine.

The third meeting occurs on a day of darkness in the shadow of a cross at Golgotha. During that year many changes had taken place in the lives of these men. One had lost wealth, love, position, and had been a leper until the Galilean stretched out his hand to cure. Another had felt the healing power of Jesus and had come to love Him when he healed the epileptic slave boy. The third had found that Jesus was "of a truth more than just a man when he crucified him."

The main portion of the book is in Christ's teachings and healings. Surrounding this part of the book is the story of the relationship of the three and Marcus' love for Namaah, Mary of Magdala. These sections are genuinely reverent in treatment. The author has tried to present a workable philosophy which will solve the corruptive ills in our world today. His emphasis is upon the great love of God and the peace that is received through Him.

The story ends on a triumphant note as Jesus leaves Mary with Marcus in the garden: "Now she was weeping again. But when Marcus lifted her chin to look into her tearful face, her eyes were shining."

## *D. C. Wilson: The Herdsman*

JUNE PATTERSON

Amos, who was among the herdsmen of Tekoa, searched for truth. At an early age he realized that he was hungry and had no food, while Jahany, the rich merchant, had food to waste and the priests were burning food in the temple; Amos wondered just what kind of God Jahweh must be to allow such inequality. The rest of his life was spent in a sincere struggle for the answers to his many questions.

Do not think that *The Herdsman* is dry and deep or impractical. It has a fast moving plot that introduces the reader to the social conditions of the Old Testament period in a most fascinating and yet authentic way. Miss Wilson has chiseled her characters carefully, giving each of them an individuality that impresses itself upon the reader's mind.

One follows Amos through the poverty stricken days of his youth, to his slavery under Ben Sered, his love for Ruhamah, and his life as a herdsman in Tekoa with an ever growing interest and excitement. The words of the prophet Amos take on a new significance when they are read in the light of his personal experiences. But the real strength of the book lies in the outstanding success of the author in portraying the struggles of a sensitive mind and spirit in such a way that the reader thinks through the deepest problems of the universe with Amos and shares the hero's triumph and satisfaction when together they arrive at the highest pinnacle of truth—that God is love.















